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From a roll of uncertain date.

Item, for a quarter for Judas light
iid. ob. 1596, Among the Expenses
of entertaining the Mayor with a din-
ner upon St. Bartholomew's day is,
For turnyng the Spyte iiijd.

THE TUDORS.

The following epistles are a strong
proof of similarity of taste and spirit, in
Henry the eighth, and his daughter, the
good queen Bess; the former wrote
the letter subjoined to ——— bishop
of Durham, demanding to be put in
possession of certain lands, and tene-
ments, attached to the bishopric, a re-
quest which the prelate declared his in-
ability to comply with, alleging that
the consent of the dean and chapter
should be previously obtained.

The letter written by Elizabeth, was
addressed to Heaton, bishop of Ely,
who after having agreed to an exchange
of some lands, which she wished to
have speedily executed, seemed un-
willing to comply.

Henry's letter.

Thou proud and haughty prelate,

Surrender unto me forthwith my
lands, or by the body and blood of
C——t, I will blow these, thy dean
and chapter, off the face of the earth,

I am thy *loving friend* Henry.

With *hereditary delicacy*, Elizabeth
addressed Heaton in the following terms.
Proud Prelate,

I understand you are backward in
complying with your agreement, but I
would have you know, that I who have
made you what you are, can unmake
you, and if you dont forthwith fulfil
your agreement, by the living ———, I
will immediately unfrock you. Yours,
as you demean yourself, Elizabeth.

HERALDRY.

During the infancy of printing, this
subject was remarkably popular, so
much so that treatises on heraldry were
amongst the foremost which issued from
the press: of those, that written by Ju-
liana Bernes, prioress of Sopewell nun-

nery, near St. Alban's, begins in the
following singular manner.

" Of the offspring of the *gentilman*
Shem, came Habraham, Moyses, Aron,
and the *profetys*, and also the kyngs
of the right *lyne* of Mary, of whom
that *gentilman Jhesus was borne*, very
God and very man, after his *man-
hode*, king of the land of Juda, &c. &c.
Jesus, *gentilman* by his *modre* Mary,
prince of *Cole Armure*, &c. &c.

THE HARP OF BRYAN BOIROMH.

Was carried off together with the
crown and other regalia to Rome, and
presented to the Pope, as his liege
Lord, by Donagh^h, after the murder of
his brother Teig (eldest son of Bryan)
and his deposition by his nephew, anno
1023, a circumstance to which Adrian
the fourth appealed to authorize his
transfer of this island to Henry II.
The harp, crown, and regalia remained
in the vatican till the reign of Henry
the eighth, when the pope, (reserving
the *golden crown*, and the regalia
to himself) sent the *stringed instrument*
to that King, with the title of *Defender*
of the *Faith**; it was presented by Hen-
ry to de Burgh, first earl of Clanricard,
from whose family it went into that of
the M' Mahons of Clenagh, county of
Clare, in company with a female de
Burgh, and at her demise, it fell into
the possession of commissioner M' Na-
mara, of Limerick. In theyear 1782,
it was presented to the University of
Dublin, (where it now remains,) by
the Right honourable W. Conyngham.

* Might not this have given rise to the
introduction of the *harp* on the Irish coin-
age. I have not noticed it on the *coins* of
any reign anterior to Henry the eighth.
Whether it was introduced during his reign
I cannot ascertain, but it may be reason-
ably conjectured that he who accepted
the title of *Defender of the Faith*, would
also endeavour to perpetuate in this coun-
try the present which accompanied it. I
have noticed the harp on a silver coin of
James the first.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

SONG.

LET others sing o' Meg and Jean,
But what are a' their hits to me,
I hae a lassie flings them a',
My charming Emma Roseberry.

Her coral lips sae sweetly show
Her weel ranged teeth of pearly hue,
Like rose-buds moistened wi' a shower,
Or double cherry wat wi' dew.

Her een sae bright, her form sae light,
She often gies my heart a prance ;
When zephyr-like, she bounds along
To meet me in the merry dance.

I'll shortly mak her a' my ain,
And then what is the warl to me,
For peace and love shall crown my hame,
Where I've my Emma Roseberry.

If fortune smiles, we'll use her gifts,
Wi' caution, and sobriety,
And should we ha'e a bit to spare,
There's mair around to share it wi'.

But if our chance be nae sae guid,
While providence shall grant us health,
Industry aye will bring us food,
Contentment is the best o' wealth.

Thus hand in hand we'll pass along,
This life's uncertain chequered show,
'Till He whose fiat brought us here,
Shall call us where we're all to go.

And may the same all gracious pow'r,
Still guide us by his counsels wise,
Then death shall only seem a friend,
To lead to bliss beyond the skies.

Belfast, 1802.

SONG.

Tune—“Roy's wife of Ardvalloch.”
DAYS and years of bliss delighting,
Each to some new joy inviting,
Quickly how ye're fled from me ;
Sorrow all my pleasures blighting.
My Emma was the fairest form,
That ever graced a mortal's dwelling,
Her modest worth, and peerless charms,
Were far above my humble telling.

Days and years, &c.
Contentment ever smiled upon us,
Peace and love were never from us,
Of worldly wealth we were but scant,
And even of that Hope gave a promise.
But now the sad reverse to me,
While memory stern affliction rallies,
For death has cropt the sweetest flow'r,
That ever bloomed in Erin's vallies.

Days and years &c.
After labour, how refreshing,
Our frugal meal of simplest dressing,
Delicious it was still to me ;
When sweetened by my love's caressing.
Now dark and dreary is each scene,
Though bleak December's wet and stormy,
No cheerful fire, no frugal meal,
Nor kiss of welcome is there for me.

Days and years, &c.
Should you wander near a willow,
Where Lagan westward heaves its billow,
Pause, and drop a feeling tear,
For Emma there has made her pillow.
And when this frame the stroke receives,
Which soon or late must sure betide us ;
Then gently lay me down to rest,
That death itself may not divide us.

Belfast, 1805. Days and years, &c.

ANSWER TO MRS. GREVILLE'S PRAYER
FOR INDIFFERENCE.

BY A LADY.

WHILST tuneful Greville sweetly sings,
The joys that cold indifference brings,
A nobler theme I chuse,
As tender feelings shall inspire,
I tune my long neglected lyre,
And court once more the muse.
I seek not fame, I ask not praise,
Nor envy all the vernal bays,
That bloom round Greville's head ;
The laurel may her brown eutwine,
While, suited to my muse, o'er mine,
Be humbler myrtle spread.

Sweet type of constancy and love,
Its emblematic charm shall prove,
The hope I'll ne'er resign,
In friendship warm, in love sincere,
To me affection's bonds are dear,
And may those joys be mine !
And pardon, Greville, though I dare,
While I admire, reprove the prayer,
That's breath'd in vain by thee ;
Say shall a heart so formed to know
The transports that from feeling flow,
E'er wish for apathy ?

You seek no kind return in love,
Its hopes and fears you would not prove,
And scorn a lover's name ;
You seek no tempting charm to please,
But sigh for that insipid ease,
Which every brute may claim.

Oh ! Greville, can that heart of thine,
That breathes, that glows in every line,
The sacred touch disown,
Which bids the tear to pity flow,
Which melts in grief at other's woe,
Or makes their joys its own.
Shall she who “as the needle true,”
That's made to turn and tremble too,
A gift so rare despise ;
Shall she, intended but to please,
Whose smile can sorrow's bondage ease,
Shall she, Indifference prize.
Distress the mind may often wound,
While bliss can scarce o'erpass the bound
‘Twixt joy and agony ;
But who this boundary to attain,
Would not o'erlook whole years of pain,
Can never feel like me.

Should I a lover's fondness claim,
I hope to feel an equal flame,
I'll seek each charm to please ;
Be blest by blessing what I love,
And every selfish thought reprove,
That tends to churlish ease.
Drive calm indifference far from me ;
‘Tis tender sensibility
Alone true pleasure yields ;
My days I would not have serene,